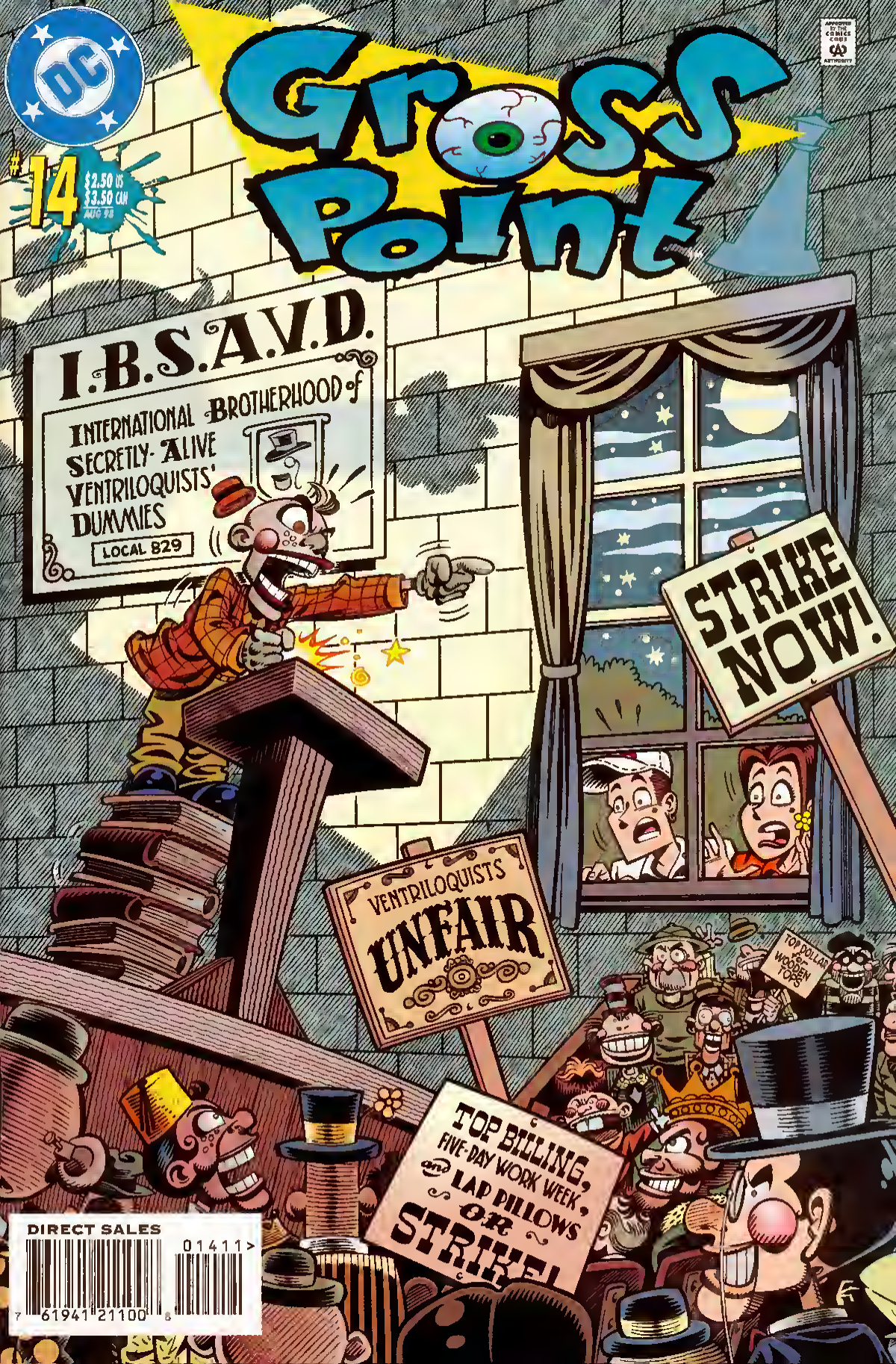
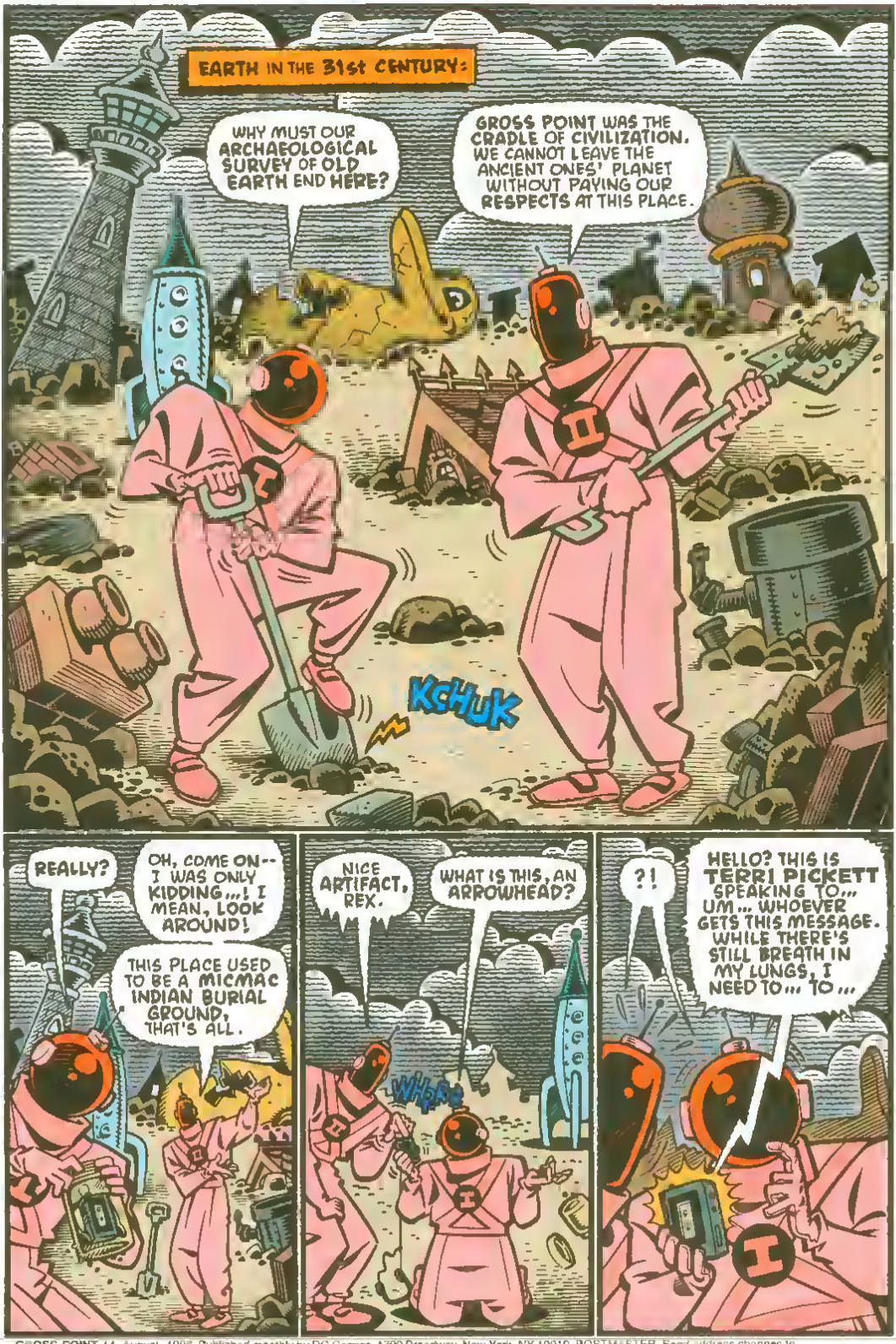

DC
#14
$2.50 US
$3.50 CAN
AUG 93
Gross Point
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
I.B.S.A.V.D.
INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD of SECRETLY-ALIVE VENTRILOQUISTS' DUMMIES
LOCAL 829
STRIKE NOW!
VENTRILOQUISTS UNFAIR
TOP DOLLAR for WOODEN TOPS
TOP BILLING, FIVE-DAY WORK WEEK, and LAP PILLOWS OR STRIKE!
DIRECT SALES
01411>
7 61941 21100 8



GROSS POINT 14 August, 1998 Published monthly by DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019 POSTMASTER Send address changes to GROSS POINT DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 0528, Baldwin, NY 11510 Annual subscription rate $30.00 Canadian subscribers must add $12.00 for postage and GST GST # is R125921072 All foreign countries must add $12.00 for postage. U.S. funds only Copyright © 1998 DC Comics All Rights Reserved All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of DC Comics The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional Printed on recyclable paper
Printed in Canada.

DC Comics
A Division of Warner Bros.–A Time Warner Entertainment Company

• JENETTE KAHN, President & Editor-in-Chief • PAUL LEVITZ, Executive Vice President & Publisher • MARTIN PASKO, Group Editor • MIKE GRISBOIS, Assistant Editor •
• RICHARD BRUNING, VP-Creative Director • • PATRICK CALDON, VP-Finance & Operations • DOROTHY CROUCH, VP-Licensed Publishing • TERRI CUNNINGHAM, VP-Managing Editor •
• JOEL EHRLICH, Senior VP-Advertising & Promotions • LILLIAN LASERSON, VP & General Counsel • BOB ROZAKIS, Executive Director Production •

...OKAY, LIKE, WHILE THERE'S ANOTHER BREATH...

...AND A WHOLE 'NOTHER ONE...!

HMM, ;pant pant pant: I MAY BE HYPERVENTILATING HERE...!

"; whoo: ALL RIGHT. ;pant pant: IT ALL STARTED WHEN MY MOM GOT A TEMP JOB AT 'PRICE MEMBERS' BARGAIN COST CLUB'..."

FISH PRICE M

SPECIAL!!! MERCUROCHROME 12 GALLONS only $32.99

MUCILAGE! MUCILAGE! MUCILAGE!

MEAT PRODUCT MANIA!
"KRAB" LEGS, "CHIKKUN" BREASTS OR GROUND "BEAF"
Mix 'n' Match
99¢/LB., 45 LB./MIN.

KALE BLOWOUT! $2.59/CU.YD

SHOES... FOR INDUSTRY! Whole sizes 6-7 only

The Aisle of Doctor Mo Rose

MATT WAYNE WRITER

ROGER LANGRIDGE ARTIST & LETTERER

IAN LAUGHLIN COLORIST

MIKE BRISBOIS ASSISTANT EDITOR

MARTIN PASKO EDITOR

ROGER LANGRIDGE COVER ARTIST

HOWARD! THEY HAVE EVERYTHING HERE! BULK OPTICIANS, BULK TOBACCONISTS, BULK TRAVEL AGENCIES-- IT'S LIKE A SMALL, BULKY CITY!

I PAID MY TEN BUCKS AND BECAME A MEMBER!

I'M NOT JUST A SECURITY GUARD-- I'M A MEMBER! GET IT?

...

OH, NEVER MIND... JUST GET THE KIDS TO BRING SHLOMO OVER TO THE BULK PET GROOMERS! I GOT THE EXTENDED WARRANTY SPECIAL...

"MY LITTLE CUSPIDOR"

2

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS SETS OF THREE $12.99/SET


"HALF OFF"?
THAT'S WHAT DAD SAID. "HALF-OFF GROOMING SPECIAL."
WHICH HALF DO YOU THINK THEY'LL TAKE?
GAHHHD, BRIAN...! NO WAY ARE THEY THAT LITERAL— NOT EVEN IN GROSS POINT.
YOU THINK...? I MEAN, FOLLOW THE TIMELINE HERE:
WE WIN A DOG AT A RAFFLE -- A SHIH-TZU WITH TWO BUTTS AND NO FACE. AND DAD MAKES US BRING HIM HOME.*
SHIH-TZU "SHLOMO" 7/4
MANY MONTHS
SHIH-TZU "SHLOMO" TODAY
AND IN ALL THE TIME SINCE THEN, NOBODY'S EVER SAID, "HEY! YOUR DOG HAS TWO BUTTS AND NO FACE!"
AND NOW THIS!
HUNH? WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ANYTHING, LOGIC-BOY? NOBODY HERE EVER NOTICES THE STRANGE STUFF...!
WELL... HE KEEPS "GOING" ON MY BED.
WHSSSSSS
OHHHKAAAY. BUT WHAT MAKES YOU THINK "HALF OFF" MEANS SOMETHING SINISTER? YOU'RE TOTALLY [redacted] UP...!
YEAH, WELL, IF THEY DO CUT HIM IN TWO, I'M KILLING MY HALF.
NOW THAT MAKES SENSE.
*BUNGEE JUMP OFF YOUR FRONT STOOP IF YOU MISSED GP#2--US
3


PRICE MEMBERS BARGAIN COST CLUB
WHOLESALE MADNESS!
INTERSPECIAL HOUSE of Pancakes
SHLOMO! COME! ONNN!
HEEL! DON'T YOU WANT A BATH?
HE KNOWS THAT WORD.
SNAPP
OH.
LUCKY TRAILER
SHLOMO! NO!!
ASPHALT ROOFING PAPERS
LOOK, THERE'S A SALE ON TAR PAPER...!
OLIVE OIL
50 GALLONS FOR $11.99
SELF SERVE
TAR PAP


"TAR PAPER"? DON'T BE STUPID, SCROTE-AZOID! C'MON, MOM'S EXPECTING US!
AISLE 65 - BABY NEEDS SHOES -
TODAY ONLY! GENETIC THIRD WORLD NATION 12¢/LB.
NEW! IMPROVED! N.D. BRAND UNDIFFERENTIATED PRODUCT BUY ONE, GET SOME FREE!
HORSE DUNG IRREGULARS and OVERRUNS BUY 'EM BY THE SACK!
PANDA HEARTS
EXPLODING BRICKS
AVAST, WENCH. HOW MAY I HELP YE?
HAVE YOU SEEN A LITTLE--
FOUND HIM!
WHERE?
LOOK UP!
FRESH, IMPORTED WATER of MANY LANDS FILL YOUR RESERVOIRS!
HOW'D HE GET IN THERE?


MAYBE HE WANTED A BATH AFTER ALL...!
[redacted], HE'S DROWNING!
NO, IT'S OKAY, HE'S GETTING DISPENSED!
FLOOSH
HEY! THAT'S OUR DOG!
BLORT!
I SAW HIM FIRST.
OH, YEAH? UM, YOU SHUT UP!
BLASSH
WHO DID THAT?


PET GROOMING BY THE POUND
WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, BUT IT'S VERY BAD
TAP TAP TAP
PLEA TAK ONE
LET'S GO!
HURRY!
TAP TAP TAP
COME BACK HERE!!!
TAP TAP TAP
TAKE HIM, HE'S YOURS.
BRIAN!!
OH, RIGHT. WE DON'T WANT HIM.
HEY!!



YAAAAAH!
WHUMP
BRIAN... IS SHLOMO ALL RIGHT?
HE MUST BE. HE'S LICKING MY HAND.
SHLUPP
UH, BRI...? SHLOMO DOESN'T HAVE A MOUTH.
OH. MY. GOD!
WHO?
NEW.
NEW?
WHO?
WUH.
WH-WEL...
WEL... COME.
8


HAS... THE... MASTER... MADE... YOU?
...
EEEEEEE!
TURN... ON... THE... LIGHTS, SOMEONE
KLIK
AISLE X
CLEARANCE. UNKNOWN ITEMS. UNKNOWN ORIGIN
RELAX, BRI. THE DWARF IN THE COOKIE BOX IS SHOOING THEM AW--
WHAT AM I SAYING?
THIS PLACE... IT'S LIKE THEY CLOSED OFF PART OF THE STORE AND FORGOT ABOUT IT!
50 LBS GR COOKIES
EXACTLY...!
FROM THIS DISUSED RETAIL SPACE, I, UH... CONTINUE MY ABOMINABLE AND ILL-ADVISED RESEARCH INTO THE VERY NATURE OF...
...WELL, NATURE ITSELF. HERE I PERFORM MY BLASPHEMOUS EXPERIMENTS IN SECRET. AND IN BULK.
YOU SEE, YOU HAVE STUMBLED UPON THE AISLE OF...
DOCTOR MOROSE!
50 LBS GR COOKIES
HUNH?!


:sigh: ON SECOND THOUGHT, THAT WAS KIND OF POMPOUS.
ACTUALLY, I'M DOWN HERE BECAUSE I COULDN'T PAY MY BILL AT THE HOTEL*
DON'T LET THE... UM... APPEARANCE OF MY INEXPLICABLE* ASSISTANT... AH... STARTLE YOU.
AWAY, VULNAVIO!
* TO EXPLAIN THE INEXPLICABLE, SEE THE BACKUP FEATURE IN GP#9! --US
THAT'S FINE. GOTTA GO...!
WHAT SORT OF "EXPERIMENTS" ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
WELL, ONCE I TRIED TO CROSS A BOTTLE WITH A BABOON'S... AH, TUSHIE...
AND YOU GOT A REDCAP?
I WISH.
THE BABOON STILL WRITES TO ME, THOUGH.
:sigh: I SHOULD'VE BEEN A DENTIST.
SHLOMO! NO!
:sigh: HE MUST SMELL MY DOG.
WHZZZZ
EH? I RECOGNIZE HIM. HE WAS MY ATTEMPT AT A CURE FOR COPROPHAGY...!
ANOTHER FAILURE. I TRIED TO CROSS A SHIH-TZU WITH A COCKER SPANIEL--
BUT YOU GOT A DOG THAT WAS ALL COCKER AND NO SPANIEL. I SEE.

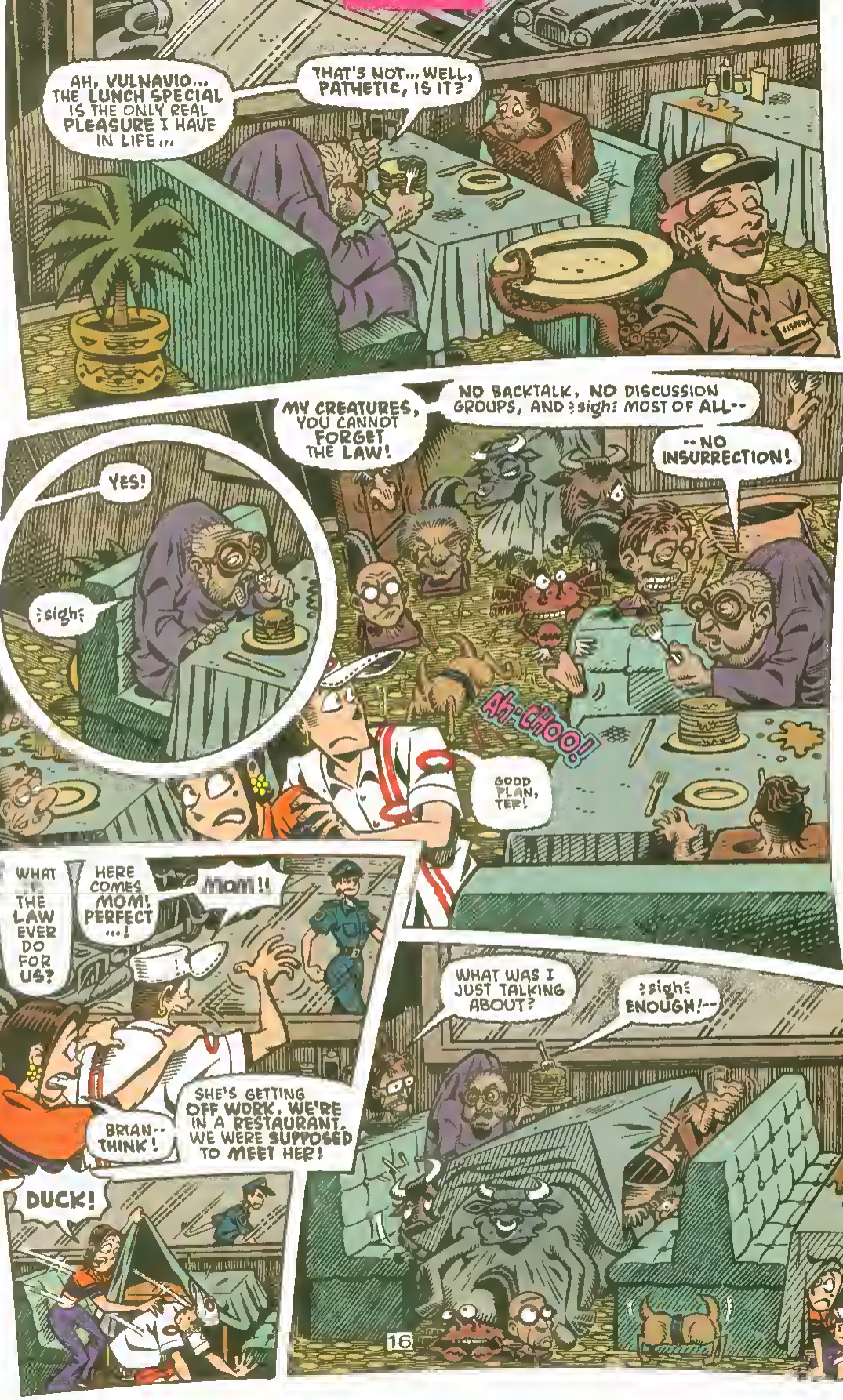

IF I COULD JUST MAKE ONE BREAKTHROUGH... ONE USEFUL CONTRIBUTION...
...MAYBE MOM WOULD LET ME STAY WITH HER.
INTERESTING.
BRIAN, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
I'M INTELLECTUALLY CURIOUS.
YOU'RE INTELLECTUALLY NEGLIGIBLE.
OUR MOTHER, SEE, SHE'S IN LAW ENFORCEMENT-- AND SHE'S WAITING FOR US.
IF THE WORLD KNEW OF MY UNHOLY EXPERIMENTS, I'D BE PUT IN JAIL.
:sigh: YOU SEE, MANY OF MY SERVANTS DON'T HAVE HANDS TO WASH BEFORE RETURNING TO WORK.
FINE. GOTTA GO...
ER... AHH...
I'M AFRAID NOT.
'FRAID SO.
'FRAID NOT.
'FRAID SO.
:sighs: YOU WIN.


MY UNHOLY EXPERIMENTATION CAN WAIT.
I'M NOT VERY GOOD AT THIS. :sigh:
WHAT A [redacted] LOSER. BREAKS YOUR HEART, DOESN'T IT?
EXCUSE ME...
BRIAN-- WAIT. DON'T.
MAYBE WE COULD HANG AROUND A BIT -- AND, LIKE, SEE AN EXPERIMENT?
WOULD YOU? EXCELLENT! THEN COME WITH ME...
"...TO MY LABORATORY."
I'LL START WITH YOU TWO. LET'S SEE, I'LL CROSS YOU WITH THESE OLD PANTS AND GET--
50 LBS GR OKIES
CORDUROY SLACKERS?
OH, WE CAN ONLY HOPE.
THE PROCEDURE WILL TAKE SEVERAL HOURS.
BUT FIRST, I MUST FORTIFY MYSELF.
COME, VULNAVIO.
JUST SHUT UP.
I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING.
SEE THAT YOU DON'T.


WE NEED TO THINK OF A WAY OUT OF HERE. MAYBE SHLOMO CAN CHEW THROUGH--
NO MOUTH, REMEMBER? DAMN!
HEY...! snff snff! WHAT'S THAT SMELL?
THE MASTER... CALLS THEM... THINK-AND-STINKS. SEE?
GULP!
THAT'S RIGHT. WE THINK-AND-STINKS WERE THE MASTER'S ATTEMPT TO INVENT LOGIC THAT ANYBODY COULD FOLLOW.
G-GET OFF...!
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME...
BUT THE SELF-CLEANING GRILL HERE WAS HIS BIGGEST FAILURE OF ALL.
THE MASTER ALSO TRIED TO CROSS A BISON WITH A G.I ACTION FIGURE--
AND GOT A BUFFALO SOLDIER?
NO, JUST AN ENDANGERED SPECIES OF TOY.
NOW, THIS FELLA OVER HERE IS THE BEACHCOMBER... THOSE FLYING CREATURES ARE OLFACTORY BELLS...
tink
tink
... AND THAT COW HAS UDDERS THAT DISPENSE COOKIE DOUGH, PEANUT BUTTER, AND CAKE FROSTING.
A NON-DAIRY CREAMER ...?
NO, JUST A VERY CUMBERSOME PASTRY BAG.


YOU'RE ALL PRISONERS!-- PRISONERS OF AN EVIL WUSS! HOW CAN YOU LIVE LIKE THIS?
SHORT... ATTENTION... SPANS.
NOW, WHAT WAS I JUST TALKING ABOUT?
GET US OUT OF HERE BEFORE DR. MOROSE GETS BACK!
NO, THAT WASN'T IT. THE MASTER WOULD BE VERY SAD IF WE DID THAT.
LOOK, IF THE MASTER WAS REALLY YOUR FRIEND, HE WOULDN'T HAVE CREATED YOU!
... WELL, IN THAT CASE...
Ah-CHOO!
THE DOOR WE CAME IN IS BARRED.
WHAT'S OUT THIS OTHER WAY?
INTERSPECIAL... PANCAKES...
I GET IT-- DOCTOR MOROSE MUST BE LORD OF THE INTERSPECIAL HOUSE OF PANCAKES!
Y MEAN, THE LAB MUST CONNECT TO THAT RESTAURANT NEXT DOOR...? IN THAT CASE... LET'S GO!


YOUR MASTER'S, LIKE, SO NOT A GOD! HE CAN BE TAKEN!
C'MON-- MY BROTHER AND I NEED SOMETHING TO DISTRACT MOROSE, AND FRANKLY...
NO. MUST... NOT... GO... UNTIL... CALLED... BY...
BY MOROSE?
DOCTOR...
DOCTOR MOROSE!
...MOROSE...
WHY?
SHUT. UP!
HE... CAN... ONLY... PAY... FOR... ONE...
Ah-CHOO!
ONLY PAY FOR ONE OF YOU?
...OR... TWO... OF... US... AT...
AT A TIME!
...ONCE.
WE CANNOT GO AGAINST OUR MASTER! THAT IS THE LAW!
HEY, WHAT DID THE LAW EVER DO FOR YOU?
OKAY, THEN!
MOVE... OUT... CREATURES!

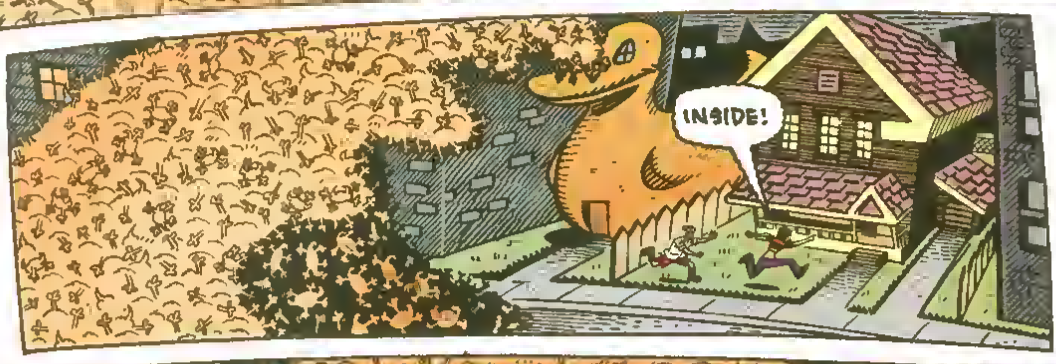

AH, VULNAVIO... THE LUNCH SPECIAL IS THE ONLY REAL PLEASURE I HAVE IN LIFE...
THAT'S NOT... WELL, PATHETIC, IS IT?
MY CREATURES, YOU CANNOT FORGET THE LAW!
NO BACKTALK, NO DISCUSSION GROUPS, AND :sigh: MOST OF ALL--
--NO INSURRECTION!
YES!
:sigh:
Ah-CHOO!
GOOD PLAN, TER!
WHAT THE LAW EVER DO FOR US?
HERE COMES MOM! PERFECT...!
Mom!!
BRIAN-- THINK!
SHE'S GETTING OFF WORK. WE'RE IN A RESTAURANT. WE WERE SUPPOSED TO MEET HER!
DUCK!
WHAT WAS I JUST TALKING ABOUT?
:sigh: ENOUGH!--


--EVERYBODY DOWNSTAIRS! MY PANCAKES WILL HAVE TO WAIT...!
AH-CHOO!
HE'S ABOUT TO HAVE PUPPIES!
INTERESTING.
TERRI, SHLOMO LOOKS REALLY SICK...!
?!
HIPPO CHONDRIAC
AH-CHOO! AH-CHOO! AH-CHOO! AH-CHOO!
I'M A SUCCESS! SEE?! --
--ASEXUAL REPRODUCTION!!


IT'S A SUSTAINED CHAIN REACTION!
MOM WOULD BE SO PROUD!
WELL, MOROSE LOOKS BUSY...
... SO LET'S GET LOST.
BUT... WHICH ONE IS REALLY SHLOMO?
OKAY, YOU WANNA HANG AROUND AND FIND OUT?
'CAUSE, THERE'S A POPULATION EXPLOSION GOIN' ON--
-- AND WE'RE, LIKE, AT GROUND ZERO!
HOW FAST D'YOU THINK THEY'RE BREEDING?
IS THAT THE RIGHT WORD FOR IT? BREEDING?
JUST SHUT UP AND MOVE! :unngh: -- WE'RE ALMOST OUT...!
WHUMF
MADE IT!!

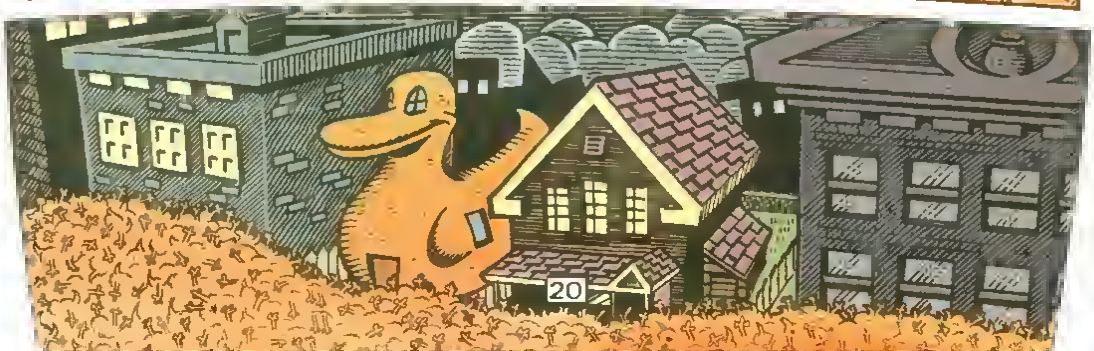

KCHOOOM
"MADE IT," HE SAYS.
SCROTE-AZOID!

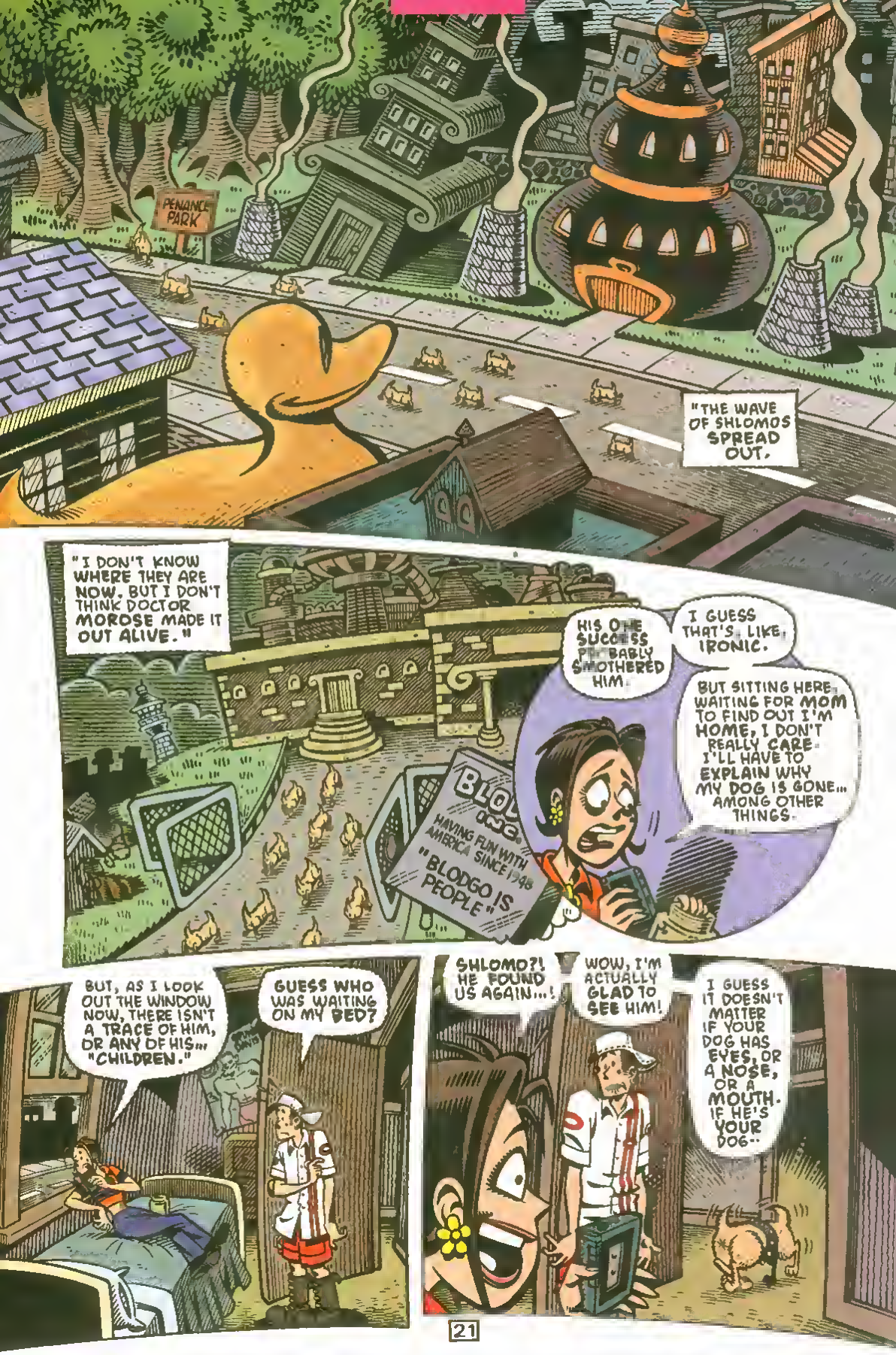


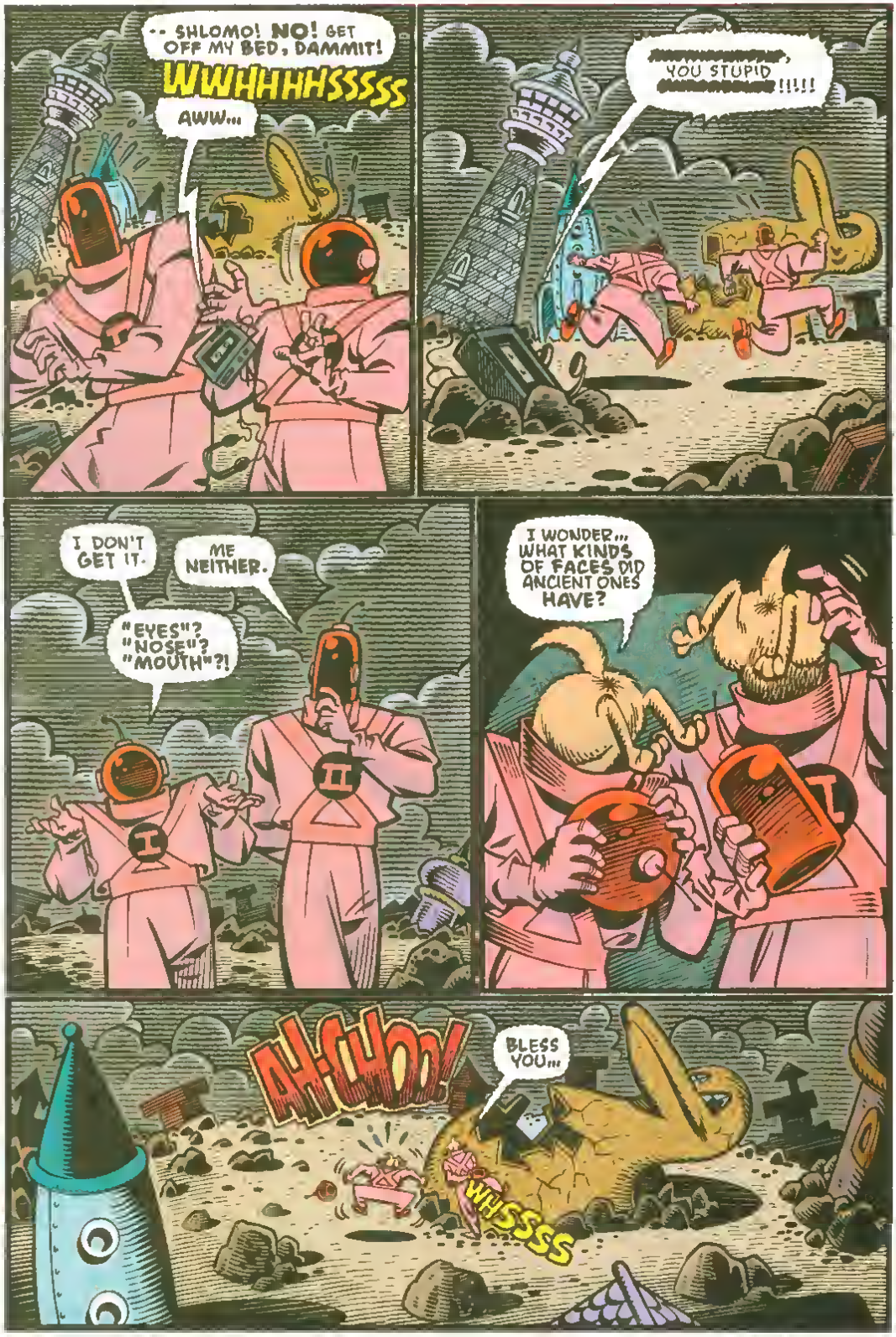

INSIDE!








PENANCE PARK
"THE WAVE OF SHLOMOS SPREAD OUT.
"I DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY ARE NOW. BUT I DON'T THINK DOCTOR MOROSE MADE IT OUT ALIVE."
HIS ONE SUCCESS PROBABLY SMOTHERED HIM.
I GUESS THAT'S LIKE, IRONIC.
BUT SITTING HERE, WAITING FOR MOM TO FIND OUT I'M HOME, I DON'T REALLY CARE. I'LL HAVE TO EXPLAIN WHY MY DOG IS GONE... AMONG OTHER THINGS.
BLODGO
HAVING FUN WITH AMERICA SINCE 1948
"BLODGO IS PEOPLE."
BUT, AS I LOOK OUT THE WINDOW NOW, THERE ISN'T A TRACE OF HIM, OR ANY OF HIS... "CHILDREN."
GUESS WHO WAS WAITING ON MY BED?
SHLOMO?! HE FOUND US AGAIN...!
WOW, I'M ACTUALLY GLAD TO SEE HIM!
I GUESS IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOUR DOG HAS EYES, OR A NOSE, OR A MOUTH. IF HE'S YOUR DOG--



Gross Point is a fictitious town, not to be confused with that differently-spelled one in Michigan. The *magazine* GROSS POINT is a work of satire. The stories, characters, and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No resemblance to an actual person, living or dead, is intended or implied, or should be inferred. Any similarity to same without satiric purpose is coincidental.


A
CUSTER
BEATON
production